14th Feb. 1930

52 Tavistock Sqr

Dear Dame Ethel Smyth.

Forgive such bad writing. Honestly, when I breathe more — more, compels me to say that I am still running a temperature, & the Dr. says I am not to see anyone till I'm normal, & that's there is no chance of this by Monday.

I'm so disheartened I don't know what to suggest. May I let you know when I'm well & the chance that you can come? There is nothing I should like more than to see you; — interviewing to have got ill at this moment. all I can do is to read you & wish to goodness you had written 10 volumes not 2.

Well, I shall fly for a calm day next week. & please don't forget your promise in the meantime

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf

52 Leinster Sqr. Monday

17th Feb
1930

My dear Dame Ethel

Ora mou...

I regret this very next Thursday for the following reasons —

The temperature is not only a small one
(We often had them, they don't matter).

I am not infectious

Gerwent Monday I wear an old dressing gown.

Gerwith & care my studio & habit

Down to influenza.

If ye don't come then, we may go away, —
never meet for years.

Also, I can telephone a Thursday a.m. Let anything
terrible happen.

So I shall expect you on Thursday 4.30. (20th Feb)

Is this explicit?

Of course I want your book. Bother I thank I
buried that, though everything else, as I
believe, of yours is known to me. Gerwent
ass, as I hope to explain a highly interesting
ponderous to us old lacks.

Gerwith
Virginia
Woolf.

(after we had met on Feb 20th)

24th Feb. 1930

52 Tavistock Square.

"I liked your extravagant telegram immensely — the book came & your letter. Back I get another letter? Not unless I write one, perhaps. The fruitful (that I went out, inspirited by your visit, for a walk on Saturday & went into the garden of a church decoration at ~~Golders~~ Hampstead Garden Suburb, & W, not unnaturally, had to retire to bed again, where I am. But this time it's about King Cole nervous chaunts & not a temperature — if that conveys anything to you. His incredible rudeness & arrogance. I'll drop my book & don't look it up. This explains why, apart from 2 or 3 paragraphs, I have read none of the Person. But one of these paragraphs was so interesting (that)

Feb 24
1930

thought I must have written it nicely. That is the highest compliment I can pay any writer.

And that reminds me - you threatened to read my books. Please don't. NYPL feel without doubt somewhat sorrow, but serenely & certainly that you will like them: & that that is not one atom to your discredit or mine. It is merely a matter of blue eyes or brown. Let us bury the my pen, & never mention it. Yours is interesting, & so we can dream is

Very odd oddly & indeed as it sent by providence, George Duckworth my old Lady brother turned up the day after you came - which he has not done there 10 year - & told me that a Cousin has left him a miniature of old Pattle surrounded by wife - daughters done in France. He is going to send me a photograph, which I will send you.

I do hope you don't think me a valetudinarian? Ah this bed sounds rather perilous: You see how I cherish you and silence. I felt guilty letting you come up, as I found out by chance, months to see me. But for me it was worth it - well.

Yr Virginia

Rota 2.4.63

27th Feb. 1930

52 T.S.

well if I did what I want, I should ring up
whatever your number is & ask you to come
Tomorrow. But — oh damn these medical
details! — this influenza has a special poison
for what is called the nervous system; &
mine being a second hand one, used by my father & his
father to dictate dictaphone wax books with —
how I wish they had hunted a fished instead! —
I have to treat it like a pampered pug dog.
I lie still directly my head aches. That is
what I am doing; & on Saturday we shall go to
Rodmell where I shall lie still out of doors,
& then creep along the wall meadow, &
then perhaps read a novel, & not write a word,
& eat thin kind of word, & not see a soul except
Leonard & Mrs. Thompsett, who cooks the
chicken, for a week perhaps: when suddenly I
think he could & dash about the house
inventing pleasures — which we shall both be
to ring up Ethel Smyth & ask her to come
instantly to tea- with the cow? I don't

think the cure this time will take more than a week. I'm taking prodigious care. You're at the bottom yet. Two spoonfuls of cod liver oil & malt that I gulp down. But Jenkin, I don't dare ask Vanessa to-morrow. Lord! what a bore! To think that my father's philosophy & his dictionary & National Biography cost me this! I never see those 68 black books without cursing them for all the pounds they've cost me. I've just had the book-not that book-our book-it's open, & Nessa snatched away. I want to talk & talk & talk- about music; about love: about Countess Russell. Don't you think you might indulge me this once & tell me what two happy dodgers of yours come in useful on occasion, dot dot, dot- et cetera. I wish you'd write your character in that style one of these days. Years ago, 3 or 4 at least, when I first met Maurice Baring he made my heart jump by saying "you must come & meet Ethel Smyth." but nothing came of it. Now, as you say, two 'delicate' to press. What a fool one is. Here is Leonard, come back from his committee- yes, yes. You handed your discrimination by what you say of him. But I can't write the history of my marriage on what remains of this paper, so good bye, & my address is Monks House Rodmell Lewes. Isn't it 1930 Thank you for me the great pleasure of a letter Ever yours Virginia

P.T.O. 2.45

Saturday March 1. 1930

What a wonder you are – of instancy.
Here is the paper.
I'm drunk foundered by Lucy R
Upon half a room were walks on a
woman's face I read them a her's
But then I'm not a novelist. & I'm awfully glad
to be mistook: because
We are just off. there is a novelist &
command my deep
respect.

Yr Jinnie

I am venturing to take the Pidjon,
but will take care & return intact
I think (but) am not culpable of much thought
that the work as you have done them right to make
a magnificent poem & I gladly envy you
... &c &c.

52 Tavistock Sqre. March 10th 1930

I was annoyed to be down in my studio when you rang up; & I felt some guilt that you should have rung up. I ought to have written — a dozen times. But you said Sunday, & like best writing letters in my head. The were about the Legitimate Lord! how glad I am you like it, — honestly I never thought you would: & then about your Broadcast. The gardeners wife stopped me in the road & gave me an account of it, & my dads jumped up. Then another was to be an ~~autobiography~~ autobiography, beginning "I was 46 last January, & have never suffered from indigestion in my life;" & another was about my mother & Lady ~~De~~ Lewis (I can't write a word, because I am talking to Leonard) That pleased me, your reference to Helen & the old menus: how intelligent you are, to spot the very Evolution

I had in mind about her! Met Lady Lewis once, & after taking a good look at me, she said "Hm, you're all very well my dear, but you're not a patch on your mother!" I seldom met any one who knew her without having this tribute laid me. NYPL — But as I began by saying, I never wrote these letters; they flamed up, looking at the logs at Rodmell.

I am, sorely & truly, again in robust health, but with leave to settle this week — despatch a few dreary jobs, such as finding a new house. And then next week — Will you suggest a time? Will you really come & begin again? — for I feel that we were torn asunder, just as we were opening our mouths to say something of the gravest importance.

A line, anyhow; & I will keep the day. Ever Virginia

Rota 2.4.63

Monk's House
Rodmell
Lewes
19 Dec